




HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

MARGARET SLATTERY



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He Took It Upon Himself

Margaret Slattery

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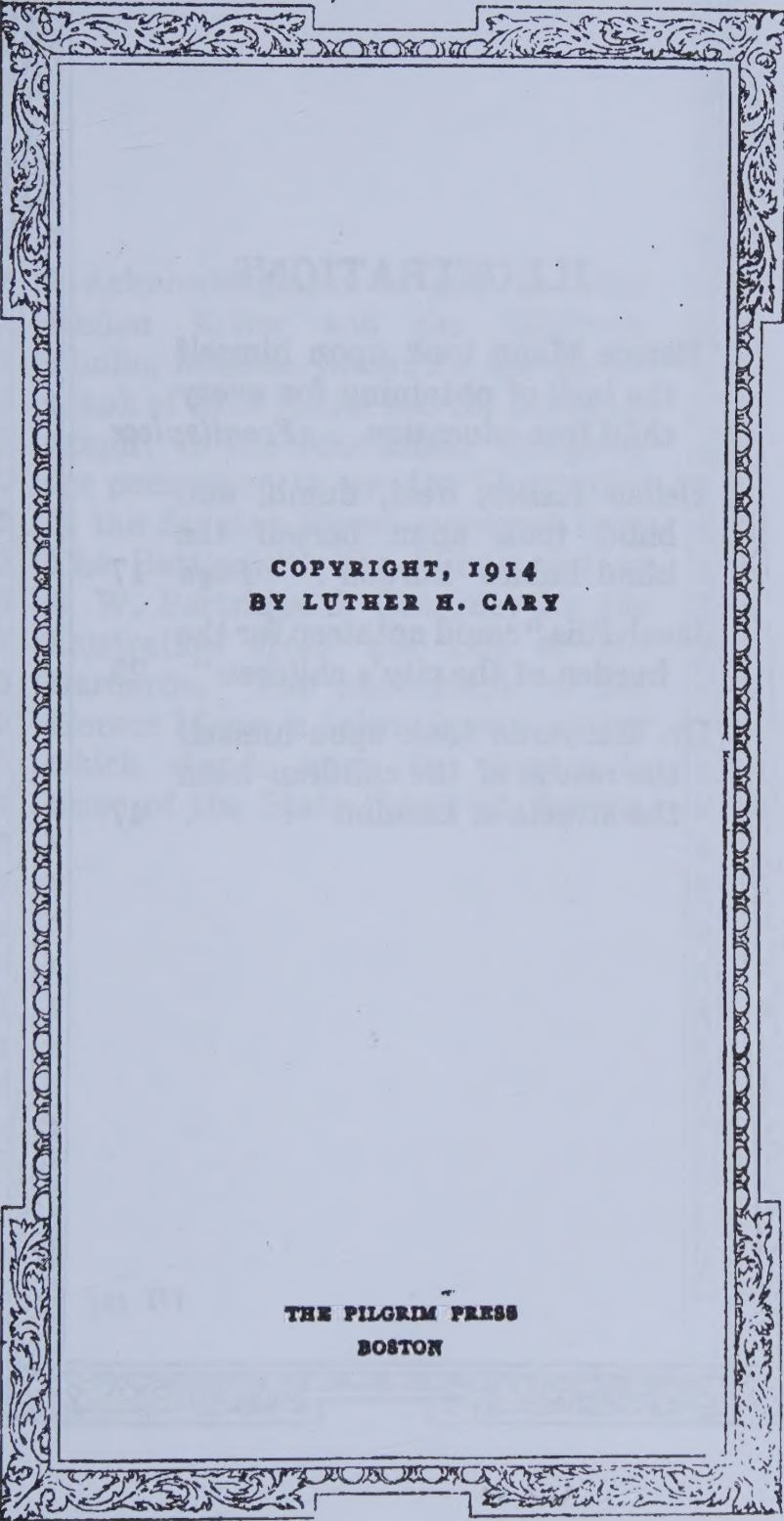
*Horace Mann took upon himself the task of
obtaining for every child free education*

HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

BY
MARGARET SLATTERY



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ILLUSTRATIONS

Horace Mann took upon himself
the task of obtaining for every
child free education . *Frontispiece*

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Acknowledgment is due to Miss Hellen Keller and the Whitman Studio, Malden, Mass., for the photograph of Miss Keller and for her autograph; to the Macmillan Company for permission to use the illustration of the Stanton Street tenement from *The Battle with the Slum*; and to S. W. Partridge & Company for the illustration from the *Life of Dr. Barnardo*. The photograph of Dr. Horace Mann is taken from a statue which stands upon the terrace in front of the State House at Boston.

An ornate, rectangular decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, featuring a central rectangular frame and decorative extensions at the corners and midpoints of the sides.

HE TOOK IT UPON
HIMSELF

*"He speaks not well who doth his time
deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of
them,
And this no more than others. Do
thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal . . .*

*.
So shall men say —
'Then was the time when men were
truly men
Tho' wars grew less, their spirits met
the test
Of new conditions, conquering civic
wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding the country's honor as their
own.
And their own as their country's and
their sons.'*

*.
When error through the land raged
like a pest
They calmed the madness caught from
mind to mind
By wisdom drawn from old and coun-
sel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient
world
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave
they Life,
Those the great days and that the
heroic age."*

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..

ALTHOUGH it was not yet four o'clock in the afternoon, lights were shining out through all the office windows and from the dome down to the last long terrace the Statehouse was aglow with warmth and cheer.

It was snowing. On the Common and down over the Old Burying Ground real snow flakes fell, fleecy, soft and white, but on the streets they were lost in the blackness. The wind blew from the northeast and the postman said the prophesied blizzard had come. A journey of an hour and more lay between me and home and so I swept my papers into the basket and closed my desk. As I turned to make sure that I had left nothing, a line of print in heavy type on a torn magazine page that lay across the basket caught my eye. "He Took It Upon Himself," it said. My first thought was that it was a quotation from the New Testament but it looked out of place amidst the

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red lettering of the page; so I stopped to read it. It was an advertisement. In fine print was an interesting paragraph about a man who had seen the need of a new type of tire, had taken upon himself the problem of finding one and after much experimenting and labor had succeeded in making one which met every requirement.

Then the heavy type emphasized it.

"HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

. TIRE

HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM FOR YOU,"

said the letters, black and red.

As I hurried across the Statehouse grounds I glanced over at Horace Mann looking steadfastly down across the Common, all his longings and his dreams preserved even in the bronze face; the fast-falling flakes, blown about now by the chilling wind, covered the book he held in his hand and made long white lines in the folds of his coat. "He Took It Upon Himself" — the words hurled themselves at me out of the storm and suddenly I saw him, not in the Statehouse grounds, but in a little, old, red schoolhouse, lighting the lan-

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terns and candles and sweeping the floor. The hope that the men who had promised to come that night to hear him speak would not fail him stamped his thin face with eagerness. He could hardly wait to tell them his great plan — better teachers and education free to every child. I remembered the passing years, the increasing burden that *he took upon himself* and carried alone until his burning words summoned others to share it and the fulfillment of his hopes drew near.

When I reached Staniford street the children crowded the sidewalk. The snow had tempted them to linger on the way home from school and the law more deeply ingrained and more powerful than any city law, even when enforced by a man in blue, bade the boys make snowballs and they obeyed with glee. The little children held out their dark coats, caught the flakes and called to each other: "See! See! Look at mine — a *star*! I've caught a star!"

Before I reached the station I had looked into faces bearing the stamp of almost every nation of Europe. Some were bright and eager, some

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pale, thin and blue with cold; many were hard with the uncanny keenness developed by the city streets in which the children lived and played and often slept. Their need was great. Suddenly above the noise of the heavy trucks and the roar of the elevated trains I heard the words "He Took It Upon Himself" and saw the strong and kindly face of the man with a passion for places where children might play under the sky and close to trees; with a passion for city homes where children might live in the light and have water enough to keep clean. I saw the transformation of Mulberry Bend and heard the voice of Jacob Riis saying, "*I cannot sleep for the burden of the city's children with their hunger for play and their playground only the street beset with danger to body and soul.*" It was a heavy burden but "He Took It Upon Himself" and because he carried it well and won his way others in a hundred cities came to share it, to stand ready to take it when he should lay it down.

All the way home — as the train rounded curves, slowed down at lighted stations softly outlined in

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white, or rushed on through far-stretching fields over which the wind whistled wildly — the turning wheels said the words, "He Took It Upon Himself — Upon Himself — Himself," until the coach seemed no longer peopled with commonplace men and women going home from the work of the day, talking, laughing, sleeping or reading in desultory fashion the evening papers, but with the strong and the great, the men and the women who, like the man in the paragraph I had read, had seen a need, faced a problem and assumed the burden of its solution. What a company they were!

In a beautiful southern garden amidst lovely roses I saw a young woman and a little child. The sky was clear and blue but the child did not know; the birds sang but she did not hear. In a wild rage she threw herself upon the soft grass and kicked and screamed. She had tried to make herself understood and had failed — she could not speak. The young woman's face was full of compassion as she stooped to lift the child; tears filled her eyes as she thought of the years before that little

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soul imprisoned and held fast by bars stronger than steel. Deaf, dumb and blind, what was a world to her and what was life?

Suddenly the teacher's face grew strong and tender. She would break the bars, and in that great moment she *took upon herself* all the handicaps of the little child. The years were long and the task presented new difficulties at every turn but her courage did not flag, her ambition to break asunder the last bar did not fail and one June day, Helen Keller, seeing more wonderful things than those who have eyes to see, hearing the deeper things denied to those who can hear, speaking with greater power than those of the silver tongue, stood upon a college platform to receive her diploma with the free and fortunate daughters of men. It was a wonderful day — a day of victory for the world's handicapped souls and for those who take the burdens of all such upon themselves. But that is not all, for Helen Keller, young and strong of soul, having grasped every means which could bring to her more abundant life and light, stepped out into the world, down into its black



Courtesy of the Whitman Studio, Malden, Mass.

Helen Keller

*Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind took upon
herself the blind babies' burden*

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shadow and *took upon herself* the blind babies' burden — to share it, to carry it, to make it light. Ah, Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, extending your arms in the darkness to receive, to take upon yourself another's affliction, what of us who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, fail to hear?

Then I remembered how at midnight in the fog and mist, amid the chill and grime of London's wharves along the river front, a young man, sturdy and strong, bent down to listen to the astounding words spoken in a strange vernacular by a boy of eight or ten. He had been teaching in one of the clubs that night and had asked this boy where he lived. The boy had offered to show him and had taken him to a box turned toward the wall in a wretched street. On the way he had pointed out barrels and boxes, holes in the wall and burrows under a building, in all of which boys were sleeping. In one group the astonished young man had found eleven boys, the youngest about nine and the oldest sixteen, huddled together with only the miserable rags in which they were dressed to cover them.

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"Shall I wake 'em up? Want to talk to 'em?" the boy had asked. "Or shall I take you to another lay? There's lots and lots more."

No sleep was possible for the young man that night. When morning came he had determined his life work. He had had a glimpse of the awful poverty and degradation in which hundreds of the city's boys must live. In a great passion to help *he took upon himself* their hunger and cold, their suffering and sin, their miserable existence with all its problems and the first of Dr. Barnardo's Homes was born. In England, Scotland and Canada the Homes were built. From the streets and the gutters he took the boys and none was too wicked nor too hopeless to be given a chance. With remarkable skill, for over forty years he fed and clothed them, trained and taught them, sending them out into good homes and to places of usefulness and trust all over the world. When he died, a few years ago, men of affairs and women who loved them, men leading their own sons by the hand, men strong in body and soul, men successful as the world counts success, men owning

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their own homes and their farms, men working at a score of honorable trades, stood with bowed heads and eyes filled with tears as they remembered their poverty, neglect and suffering in contrast with the lives they now lived because, seeing their need, "He Took It Upon Himself."

For weeks after that snowy night when the words had looked up at me from the basket, arousing my curiosity, my thoughts in leisure moments have turned involuntarily to the men and the women who have gone out into life to lift and to share, and they have challenged my soul.

One cannot stand unappreciative in the presence of the record of Frances Willard, who, in the years when a woman's entrance into the world's life was looked upon with disapproval, when any word spoken by her in opposition to the things with which she was supposed to have nothing to do brought severest condemnation, *took upon herself* a burden of heaviest weight. Young men who had started with high hopes, ambitions and confidence in self and had lost all through drink; old men who had sold their birthright for liquor and

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now staggered helplessly to their graves; women whose eyes were red with bitter, burning tears of disappointed love and pride; and women who, having lost their womanhood, had grown content with poverty and dirt; little children bearing in their poor starved bodies the awful curse of the seed their fathers had sown; all the helpless forms lying prostrate in gutters and behind bars; women with bruised faces and starved souls who stood in the courts with children in their arms to ask vengeance upon the men who had promised to love and protect them *even until death* — all these *she took upon herself*. With marvelous courage and sacrifice, amidst threatenings and dangers, she blazed the trail by which those who love their fellow men shall yet pass to complete victory over the greatest evil, the most terrible thief, the most successful murderer, the direst enemy of the human race with which civilization in its onward march has ever had to cope — the legalized liquor traffic.

One cannot look without a thrill of soul upon the record of that young physician, surgeon, teacher, philosopher, friend, preacher and pioneer

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who built his home amidst snow and desolation and sailed his boat among icebergs in dense and deadly fog that he might save the souls, restore the bodies and quicken the minds of a poverty-stricken and neglected people. One cannot read the record nor see the pictures of the changes that seem the work of a magic wand, without a prayer of gratitude that such men as Grenfell were born and have found their way with the story and transforming power of Jesus Christ past challenging barriers to every dark and needy quarter of the globe.

Many sympathetic faces looked through the smoke and the gloom, the dirt and degradation of Halsted street into the hearts of the human beings who had found their way in hope from many lands, only to lose it by the pressure of the heavy hand of crushing injustice. Many came longing to help, looked and went away; some stayed for a while and in the hopelessness of it said to each other: "It is of no use — nothing can be done." She came, saw the empty awfulness of life and stayed to be a *neighbor*. Ah, it costs to sit down in the midst; to be a neighbor

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one must pay a price! Jane Addams has paid it, asking for no reward. But she has a reward — her neighbors come to her, consult her, trust her, listen to her and follow her advice. She has a reward — the barterers in human souls hate her, the exploiters of labor fear her, the shameless breakers of law flee from her. She has a reward in the uplift of standards and the hope, courage and new life that have come to hundreds of her fellow men. It was a great day for her city and for all cities consciously struggling with overwhelming social problems when Jane Addams saw the need for justice and neighborliness and *took it upon herself*.

Judge Lindsey, Ernest Coulter and John Gunckel, Katherine Davis and Mary McDowell, hundreds of graduates of our colleges, scores of preachers and teachers looking out upon a world of need, were not satisfied to question, to comment, to find relief in the impotent words "somebody ought." Each in his own way has shouldered responsibility, has labored, lifted and paid the price of the bitter criticism the bearer of the burden must always pay as he takes it upon himself.



*Jacob Riis "could not sleep for the burden of
the city's children"*

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In quiet laboratories in the daytime and the night time with unlimited patience, with a persistence at which ordinary men marvel, they stand who have *taken upon themselves* the pain and suffering, the agony and torture of the bodies of men. Driven by compassion, they take their lives in their hands and one man gives himself in an effort to discover the cause for cancer, another dies in the struggle to isolate the scarlet fever germ, a third pays for the discovery of the source of yellow fever with his life. Still undaunted, they continue their work in the presence of tuberculosis, typhus, leprosy. There is nothing too deadly nor too awful to deter their souls from the search for means to save. Such are men, the men of our day, a day some term materialistic, commercialized and mercantile to the last degree.

It is true that most of us have been more concerned with the building of large ships than large men, more interested in the raising of tall buildings to the sky than in constructing towers of moral and spiritual strength in the souls of men. Some have *seen* our mistake; they have *taken it upon*

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themselves and community conscience has been born. Community conscience is no mysterious, intangible thing. I am the community conscience; I am "the public"; I am "the Church"; else there is no common conscience, no public, no Church. The community conscience is the sum of the conscience of one man and another man and another; the public is one individual plus another individual plus another; the Church is one Christian plus another Christian and another. When I say "The community ought," "The public ought," or "The Church ought," it means "*I* ought" or it means nothing.

This sense of personal, individual responsibility, which our fathers had, and which we in large measure have lost, made them great and led them to attempt the seemingly impossible. The causes which have robbed us of it are perfectly familiar to us all. We have grown so rapidly that we have not had time to think. We have hurried so fast that it has taken all our strength to breathe. The shimmer of gold has dazzled us and material success has blinded us. We have stopped thinking save in circles

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— ourselves the centers and our interests the diameters.

Then, suddenly, in these recent days our children and young people who are paying the penalty of our sins have called us back to ourselves. The cities' babies, dying by thousands every year; the cities' little children suffering in the cold, fainting in the scorching heat, hungry and neglected; the cities' youth, bearing the burden of early labor, long hours, deadly conditions, countless temptations, losing manhood and womanhood in the struggle — all these held out appealing hands to those who passed by until at last individuals saw, listened and attempted to answer. The answer would be easy if we had *enough* individuals who feel the responsibility. Men cannot speak together with power until they have spoken separately. Responsibility sits lightly upon the average individual of today. Many a firm with the promise of a fair future has failed because employees had no sense of personal responsibility and many a one has succeeded because from the newest cash girl to the head of the most important department the individual felt that

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success depended upon him. Many a church has failed utterly and absolutely because its individual members have left its work in the community to be done by the *abstract church* and as individuals have done nothing.

A mass meeting called to consider any cause of common need is a most interesting study. Again and again I have heard program committees say as they worked "We must ask Mr. A. and Mrs. D. to take *some* part; they will be present if they have something to do." But each of the one thousand or more cannot have some part assigned him and as yet the individual has not grasped the mighty power of the mere presence of *one*, for a thousand cannot attend unless one attends — and I am one. We are just beginning to discover anew the value of one and if in the earnest spirit of self-forgetfulness we are able to push our discovery to the point of action in a practical everyday world we shall accomplish much.

The biographies of men and women of the past are filled with records of the developing power of the sense of individual responsibility. When Queen Victoria was but a girl of twelve

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her governess talked over very earnestly with her the plans for her future. She made the little girl feel the weight of the kingdom of Great Britain, over which one day she must rule. At first Victoria could not realize all that it meant, but when the governess drew for her a vivid word picture of the responsibilities that must come to her on her eighteenth birthday, the child burst into tears. Throwing her arms around her governess she cried, "*I will be good. I understand now why you have wished me to study and learn. So much will depend on me. Oh, I will be good.*" The sense of responsibility, awakened then, never left her, and goes far to explain the reign whose record has never been excelled nor equaled.

Abraham Lincoln never lost the sense of individual responsibility from the day he walked back over the weary miles to release the pig made a prisoner in the soft clay until he gave up his life in the midst of his great service to his country. He was ever keen to see need and to *take it upon himself*.

When, in reply to a friend's ques-

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tion, "Mr. Webster, will you tell us what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?" the great statesman answered, "The most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my *individual responsibility* to God," he explained not only his own powerful personality but his ability for clear, noble thinking and manly, fearless expression of his thoughts.

There is practically no limitation to what men have been able to do when once possessed by the sense of personal responsibility and the passion to take the burden of need upon themselves.

In the common world of one's own everyday he may see the individuals who meet the challenge of another's need, accept it and grow strong under its weight.

Not long since, while waiting for a train in a station through which on holidays great streams of people pass, I saw a young girl with face flushed, holding her hat in one hand and a suit-case, half open, in the other, stagger into the ladies' waiting-room. No matron was present. The girl spoke to one and another of the wo-

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men, who met her drunken friendliness with stern rebuffs or turned from her and escaped. She finally found a seat and the women near rose hastily and went to the other side of the room. For a moment she was quiet; then she burst into a sentimental song. The sight of the face so young that it showed traces of real beauty as the girl turned from side to side making reeling gestures to illustrate her song made one heartsick. One woman said she would go for an officer but before she left the room a Salvation Army girl with a box for contributions entered. She took in the situation at a glance, greeted the girl in friendly fashion, sat down with her for a few moments and talked. Then she helped her wash her face with cold water, put on her hat, closed her suit-case and together they went to the ticket office.

"Where does she live?" asked one woman who had followed.

The Army girl answered — it was a small town about twenty miles away.

"Who will take care of her when she gets there?" asked another.

"I am going with her," quietly

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answered the girl, whose face was sweet, tender and beautiful under her Army bonnet.

One could tell by her manner as she walked toward the train that this was not the first unfortunate girl she had led home. When I entered my own train ten minutes later it was with a sense of inferiority and shame. *I had looked upon* misfortune and sin; the Salvation Army girl had *taken it upon herself.*

After school or on Saturday afternoons years ago a little girl of ten used to pass my house, hurrying up the hill. She was one of the pupils in the grammar school and I often spoke to her.

"Where are you going in such a great hurry?" I would ask.

Always a smile lighted her thin little face as she answered, with a ring of great happiness in her voice, "Up to my Sunday school teacher's house."

One Friday night before I could ask the question she called out to me in great glee, "I'm going up to my Sunday school teacher's house," and then, very softly, "*to stay to supper.*"

Some days afterward she told me

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about it. No detail of the arrangement of the table, the dishes, the silver, the food, had escaped her keen eye. It had been the experience of a lifetime, for the ten-year-old lived in a basement home of two rooms. Her father spent a great deal of his time in the county jail for cruel, abusive treatment of his family while he was intoxicated. When he was "doing time" the mother washed and scrubbed and the little girl took care of the four younger children and did a large share of the housework. What that "Sunday school teacher's house" meant to that poor, starved, little soul no one can measure.

As the years passed the Sunday school teacher became more and more a refuge and an inspiration. Under her guidance and with her help the child of the tenements graduated from the high school, took a normal school course, earning her own way, and began to teach. After three years of successful teaching she married, taking her young brother, the only one of the family who seemed to have any ambition, to live with her in the simple but comfortable home into which she had put all that the

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years had taught her. When I saw her there, gracious in manner and speech, surrounded by all the evidences of culture and refinement, I envied that Sunday school teacher who had *taken upon herself* the burden of a poor, anæmic, hopeless-looking little daughter of a cruel, drunken father and a disheartened mother made careless by all she had suffered. The investment paid such large dividends! To have given the world a good teacher and a wise intelligent home-maker is no small contribution.

It costs to take upon oneself the burden of such a child — *of course* it costs. One of the other teachers in that Sunday school had said, "I am willing to teach on Sunday but I can't be bothered by children running to my home during the week. It is too much to be expected of any teacher." And it is truly "too much to be *expected*" but not too much to be *given*, when once the call sounds in one's soul.

I recall a teacher in the public school with which I was associated. She was a cheerful, earnest, tactful woman, then about twenty-five. She had forty-eight children in the seventh

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grade in a poverty-stricken district. Each year she wrought miracles in her room. In the grade below the children were careless and dirty. Dresses and suits were torn and buttonless. In her room after the first month cleanliness became a habit and neatness followed. Each one of those forty-eight children was an *individual* to her. They were in no sense a part of a system. There was no medical inspection in that school and until Jessie reached the seventh grade no one knew that she had only about half vision, or if it had been known nothing had been done about it. Each teacher had discovered that Fritz was stubborn and indulged in spells of sullen anger, but no one found out until he reached the seventh grade that a very bad condition of his teeth gave him continual pain and caused serious indigestion. Each teacher had pitied little Timothy Marvin, who suffered from a deformity in the right leg, but not until he reached the seventh grade was the cause of the trouble discovered, after which a course of treatment undertaken by a kindly surgeon sent the boy, at the end of three years,

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to high school without crutches and with the deformity scarcely noticeable.

Other teachers had seen these children, felt sorry for their handicaps, tried to be patient with their limitations; she *took upon herself* the misfortune of each child, his problem became her problem and she could not rest until she had found a way to help. As the years passed, her capacity for "feeling another's woe" and for taking it upon herself grew and her state, realizing her value, called her to a position of great responsibility and found her ready. She had learned to forget herself in the handicaps of others and in blessing scores of lives her own has grown great.

Last night I met a young hero who has *taken it upon himself*. He was coming home from work in a paper mill. A year ago he was a care-free boy, a freshman in the high school; now he is the head of the family of five. The younger sister will help as soon as the law permits, but just now he must bear all the burden and he is doing it without complaint, squaring his shoulders and holding his head

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high in manly fashion. Would that he were the only one — but alas, the boy burden-bearers are a great army and the girls are even more. They need someone to share the heavy weight, to lift *with* them.

It is with a great uplift of spirit that one thinks today of his fellow men and their capacity for burden-bearing in the dark places where, though few see them and few care for them, either body or soul, they are still faithful. I never see a great ocean liner, gay with flags, its decks crowded with smiling faces and waving handkerchiefs; I never look upon the blue sky above the gay scene nor hear the music as the giant ship swings gracefully out into the river as if glad once more to try her strength, without suddenly plunging in thought down below that water line, soft with white foam, to the dark awfulness of the place where my brother men toil in the blackness and heat, keeping up the fires faithfully hour after hour through the days and nights, *hoping* and dreaming, and ready to play the hero at a moment's notice. I never see a long freight train of steel cars loaded with black,

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shining coal go thundering along over the rails, east or west, without thinking of my toiling brothers, so many of whom come with high hopes to the black pit in which they dig or to the blazing furnaces from which they turn out those rails and plates of steel. I glory in the fact that these are my fellow men and in the greater fact that in spite of evil, exploitation and injustice, they will climb, rise above them, lift their children with them and their children's children shall walk in pleasant places.

I never see the flowers and wreathes, the long baskets of laundry, the paper boxes and cheap garments on which the weary hands of thousands of girls have labored, without a feeling of pride that despite poverty, disease and injustice these girls can climb and do climb and their souls triumph.

If there be any part of the burden they bear, these heroes of industry, that their fellow men who are less burdened can share, it is no wonder that at last, though making many mistakes, they are coming to *take it upon themselves* — not because they must but because they want to.

Where in the procession of those

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who in the past and in the present have *taken it upon themselves* are you, as you read this page? What have you as an individual taken upon yourself?

Some shirk. How one pities those who have shrugged their shoulders and dropped the burden — the idle, the purposeless, the self-seekers, the pleasure-mad. How their souls shrink as the years pass!

Nothing can make the extremes in the civilization of our day appear right. Despite all clever arguments, despite all salves to conscience, despite the obstacles that seem to defy any solution of the problem, the fact that Mary Lavoy started work yesterday at four o'clock in the morning and worked until seven-thirty; then rushed home to get breakfast for her four children and to nurse her baby, who had cried with hunger for an hour; washed and ironed until five in the afternoon; left her husband's supper where he could get it after a two-mile walk home to save carfare; then dragged her weary body back to an office building to clean and scrub until eight o'clock that night; while Mrs. Ethelyn Grayson arose at

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ten, spent the rest of the morning in caring for hair, eyes, nails and complexion, attended a fashionable luncheon, motored out to the club-house to a tea-dansant, dined with friends, attended the theater and on her return declared to her husband that she simply must go abroad for a time for she was bored to death by the routine of life in the American city in which he seemed determined to live — this plain, cold *fact*, I say, shows that something is wrong — absolutely and unqualifiedly *wrong*. And the fretful question, "Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" or the half-sarcastic "*I can't help it; I do not see how it concerns me,*" can never make it right.

Peter Clay was without work for six weeks through no fault of his own. From a daily wage of one dollar and a half he could not save money and support his family of four children. During the six weeks when they tried to live on what he got by doing odd jobs they were all so poorly nourished that during the early spring he lost his little golden-haired three-year-old with pneumonia. He borrowed money for her funeral, struggled

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against the strain and grief for his wife's sake and then, when he was just beginning to find hope, the scorching August heat robbed him of his baby. There was no money; there was no one of whom to borrow a second time. They got a plain pine coffin and Peter Clay took it in his arms to the grave where they had buried his little girl. He threw himself on the ground beside it and cried in the agony of his soul — a man's soul, a courageous soul that had tried honestly to win out against the poverty that compelled him to live in dark rooms in a wretched street and to eat food that did not nourish and could not sustain life.

On the way home Peter Clay saw long lines of machines standing before gorgeously-lighted restaurants and hotels; saw richly-dressed women and successful-looking men talking, laughing, eating. He listened to the music and gazed at the flowers and thought of the little pine box. A new bitter look came into his troubled eyes. He turned quickly and hurried down to a meeting in a bare hall in his neighborhood which he had always shunned before. When he

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came out he had sworn allegiance to the red flag; he had forgotten in his bitter agony his country and his God; defiance filled his heart. Eggs and fresh vegetables, butter and sweet milk labeled with figures so high that he could not buy them, three clean, sunny rooms where one could live and feel himself a decent member of society, but advertised at a rental so high that they were absolutely impossible to him — the knowledge that these necessities for real living were *out of his reach* robbed him of patriotism and of his once kindly nature; and finally, as the days passed and the deadly poison did its work, he lost all his finer qualities and his heart became only one throbbing desire for revenge.

While this awful tragedy worked out its certain end in Peter Clay, a fellow man sat in his luxurious office, declaring to his friend that he must find something to do with himself and his money and outlined a plan for a country estate that staggered even the imagination of the architect.

"What will you do with it when you get it done?" queried his friend.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered.

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"It will amuse Mrs. —— and the girls for awhile at least." And he went back to his planning.

The plain, cold fact that Peter Clay and this man can live in the same day and generation in the same city shows that something is wrong, dead wrong, and no words or explanations can make it right.

If Mrs. Ethelyn Grayson should give Mary Lavoy twenty dollars a month so that she need not scrub, if now and then she should send her some groceries and out of her abundance should give her some clothing to make over for the children, that would not make it right. If the builder of the mansion in the country should give Peter Clay fifty dollars to help him through the summer and a ton of coal or more to keep him warm in the winter, that would not make it right.

The wrong is far too deep for these gifts to cover. The gifts cost *nothing* and so are inefficient. Mary Lavoy's husband and Peter Clay need a fair and just return for what they have to give; then Mary will not have to work and Clay can bear his own burden.

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What then? Just this—the determination of each individual to take the solution of those problems upon *himself*. All great problems have been solved by individuals and worked out by groups. An individual solved the problem of the Atlantic Cable; an individual toiled over and sacrificed for the telegraph; an individual conceived the idea of the telephone and another individual found the coil that made long distance telephoning possible; an individual gave us wireless, another the arc light, another the storage battery, and others the countless conveniences for our pleasure and profit; an individual made possible Brooklyn Bridge, another the Hudson Tube, another the Simplon Tunnel; an individual gave us ether and another radium. It will be an individual who will give us the key to the solution of social problems. But unless *every* individual is at the task, unless all individuals are seeking in a spirit of earnest sacrifice to find the solution, *the* individual who is to succeed must wait long for the victory.

“The times are ripe,” we say. What does it mean? It means we are ready; it means men *want* the



*Dr. Barnardo took upon himself the rescue of
the children from the streets of London*

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answer. Even our Lord himself could not come to Bethlehem's manger until "the time was fully come" and the tired, weary, degraded world, conscious of its darkness, wanted light.

As yet men do not want the answer to social problems. Men *want* to make vast fortunes at any cost; women *want* to live in luxury, idle and useless as members of society, and they want their daughters to follow after them; men *want* to loaf, to steal, to live by any save honest means; women want to give as little and to get as much as they can; parents want and mean to shun the responsibility of their children's upbringing, to leave them to the streets, the motion-picture houses, the dance halls—to anything which will relieve *them* of the task of providing amusement. As yet we do not want the answer.

But the far horizon is warm with the glow of the promise of another day. The individuals who are *taking it upon themselves* are growing in number and strength. Magazines crowded with answers to the demands of all sorts and conditions of men are making room for those who have

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taken it upon themselves; daily papers filled with the answers to the demand of hectic imaginations and empty, sensation-loving brains are finding increasing space for those who are *taking it upon themselves*. Men and women clean, strong and untainted are concerned that the social evil is robbing children of their birthright and sending them out into life blind, deformed, idiotic, incompetent; men and women are concerned over the problems of the foreigner, for whom, as long as we permit him to come, we are responsible until he is one with us and of us. Men and women are as individuals concerned about the woman who runs to shelter with her little children at the approach of her husband, a brute crazed by drink; they care about the pitiable state of the opium slave and the drug victim, they are as individuals troubled over the greatest loss of all, a man's loss of his personal God; they want to give him back.

More than that, a new public sentiment is pushing its way from coast to coast. Once men asked, "How much is he worth?" Now they add, "How did he *make it*?" Once they

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asked, "What was he sent to prison for?" Now they add, "What *caused* his downfall?" Public sentiment — that is, *your* sentiment plus my sentiment plus that of our neighbors — is the strongest ally for a good cause and the most powerful foe of an evil one. No teacher in a public school, even if her strength be great and she wields the rod with an iron hand, even if her punishments be terrible to bear or her promised rewards great, can establish order and keep it if the *sentiment* of the school be against her. But if school sentiment be with her discipline is an easy task and no mischief-maker or bully, no sly designer of evil schemes, can win out against her. What is true of the little world of little citizens is true of the larger world of older citizens. Public sentiment speaks with authority and public sentiment today is more and more with the oppressed and against the oppressor, for the honest and upright and against the schemes and intrigues of men.

So I find myself confronted again with the value of one. I see myself a contributor to that public sentiment which makes it possible for great

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souls to do their work; and I cannot shift responsibility, for should I fail in what *I* would like to *do*, I may still give myself to the paving of the way for its accomplishment by another. The world's need still challenges me as an individual and will not let me go.

At one of the conferences last summer I sat, on a warm afternoon, under the pines talking with a group of young men and women about the easy way in which many young people drop responsibility — the two young ladies who had promised to furnish lemonade having failed us, we had a good text. I asked what, in their judgment, explained the inability to feel personally responsible for things in our day. One of the youngest men said promptly, as if he had been thinking of it for a long time:

"It is because you can't help feeling that you are too small to amount to anything. What difference does it make what I think about the tariff, immigration problems or foreign missions?"

"Yet Livingstone was alone in Africa," said one of the girls in the mission study group.

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"And Carey alone in India," added another.

"Gordon was pretty much alone in China."

"Look what Luther did in Germany."

"Columbus, poor fellow, found himself rather alone."

"Say, we know *some* history," laughed one of the boys, pleased with the answers that came so readily.

"Nevertheless," said the young man who had spoken first, "*I* am not Luther, nor yet Columbus."

"We do not need Luther nor Columbus at present," I said, "but we need *you* and who knows what young people sitting on this hillside fifty years from now may say of what *you* have done?"

The suggestion inspired the young man for a moment. "I'd like to do something worth while all right," he said; and then added slowly, "but *one* person is pretty small after all."

If only we could make them see that what "*I*" do and think and say has great significance; that "*my*" world can be no better, no more generous, no stronger, no more loyal to high principle and lofty endeavor

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than "I" am; that as "I" refuse to give and lift and take, somewhere the burden will press more heavily.

This is the problem of the educator, the parent, the preachers — to make every child feel his value to a world of need and to accept his responsibility to God and his brother.

I have often wondered if Jesus Christ ever felt for a moment that his task was hopeless. It must have been a great shock to him and a great sorrow to meet and uncover the sin, hypocrisy, greed and littleness of man. If ever there was reason for loss of faith in one's mission he had it. The complacent snobbery of the self-encircled Pharisees, the greed of the buyers and sellers in the very courts of the temple of God, the ambitions of the disciples, the cowardice of Pilate, the jealous envy of the Priests — these might easily have made him lose all hope that the thing he had come to do could ever be done. Any one of them might have made him ask, "What can I hope to accomplish with men and motives like these?"

But there is no hint of such a spirit in any of the words that he

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spoke, the lessons he taught, the stories he told. Looking into hard, shrewd faces he said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." In the presence of evil and sin he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Walking with disciples quarreling over precedence in the hoped-for kingdom, he commanded, "Love one another," and hurled into their consciousness "the *last* shall be first, the first shall be last." Facing the rich young ruler, wrapped in his great possessions, he pleaded "Go and sell and come and follow." Looking out over a group of self-seekers he declared, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

Alone in a world that could not understand, was too busy to listen, and too selfish to obey, he stated courageously, "The Kingdom of God is like a mustard seed, smallest of all the seeds, yet when it is grown it covereth the earth and the birds lodge in its branches"; and again "The Kingdom of God is like unto leaven which a woman *hid* in three measures of meal and the *whole* was leavened." Triumphantly from the

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crushing agony of the cross he told the world that the end for which he came was accomplished and after his great victory, surrounded by a group of provincial Jews who had failed him in the hour of his need, he commanded with confidence, "Go ye into all the world, and preach this gospel."

No wonder men worship him! In the presence of words like these one dares tell his own heart and his neighbor that, confident of final victory, he may look at the problems vexing the souls and wearing the bodies of men, and to the fullest extent of the power of *one*, may in his name take them all upon himself. In his name and under the inspiration of his power, remembering what men have done and are doing, one dares call upon the Church — not the cold marble, the brick and wood, the tall towers and spires; not the creeds of words which men have put together as best they may; not the ecclesiastical governments by which affairs are managed but upon the *warm* living, flesh-and-blood *individuals* that make up the whole. One dares call upon *them* to plunge down where greed and sin run riot and to reach out where heroic

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souls struggle with circumstance, taking it all, without fear, upon themselves.

I love to recall often the old story of the monk sitting by the window of his rude stone hut on the mountain side, looking down upon the little village below. The years seemed long since, a busy, happy boy, he had played in its streets and climbed the hillsides to care for the cattle, yet he was still young. It was five years now since he had forsaken the great city to return to his village home wearing the cross and the long robe fastened with a cord about his waist. He had hoped for release from the burdens of sin and sorrow, of suffering and shame, that oppressed his soul at every turn in the city streets, but he had been disappointed. Poverty and sin lived in the valley and evil lurked where his boyish eyes had never dreamed. The village had seemed accursed and so he had left it, climbed to the plateau, built his hut, planted his garden, enjoyed sunrise and sunset, listened to birds and breezes, read, prayed, grown strong and become content — until the day he fell asleep and dreamed.

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He had been reading in the glory of the sunset the story of Calvary — the terrible cross, the dark tomb and then the glorious morning, the Risen Lord and life indeed! When he had completed the wonderful story, which, though familiar, thrilled his soul, he prayed long and, still kneeling, fell asleep. As he slept he dreamed that he walked upon the road from earth to heaven. Dark it was at first and hard to travel; then it grew lighter; then beautiful with flowers. At a turn in the road he met the Master.

"Oh Master," he cried, kneeling at his feet, "why didst thou leave us? We need thee so sadly. Couldst thou not have stayed?"

The Master answered softly, "I finished the work I had to do."

"Oh Master!" said the monk, made bold by his eagerness. "But the burden, the burden of poverty and sin. It is with us still; it deadens the soul. Who can bear the burden of man's need?"

The Master smiled. "I *share* with those who love me the burden of man's need," he said. "I have left a part of the burden for them."

"But Master," cried the monk in

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sorrow and in fear, as the Master looked into his very soul, "what if they *fail* thee?"

"Ah, I am counting on them!" said the Master and his voice thrilled the monk to the depths of his being. "I am *counting* on those who *love me*."

When he awoke — so real had been the dream and so clear the vision — he gazed for some moments about the tiny room and then out into the moonlight, but all was still. He arose and stood at the door looking down, down over the jagged rocks to the village, asleep in its poverty and sin. Then in the silence of his retreat he sat down to think. It had been so quiet, so comfortable; there had been time for worship, prayer and thought. His needs were simple and they had all been met; he had been well content. But the dream disturbed him. It was early morning when for a moment he fell again upon his knees; then he arose, took off his robe and, folding it neatly with the cross and beads, laid it away. It was with mingled feelings of fear and hope that he dressed in the clothes he had worn when, as a young student, he had left his father's home. "Now," he said

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softly, "I am one of them." Carefully he set his room in order and closed and fastened the door of his hut. A moment he paused for another look at the world below him, lying still in the morning mist; then he grasped his mountain stick firmly and started down the trail. As he walked the look of fear and dread upon his face was changed to one of joy. "I'm going back," he said half aloud, "back down into the midst of it all. He has finished his part; now he works with me. He is counting on *me*. I will not fail!"

I challenge you young men and women who read this page to go with him as he goes — down into the midst of the problems that must be met and solved, down where life is hard and men must toil, down into the thick of the battle with selfishness and greed, into the commonplace made gray by the deadly grind, into the midst of mad pleasures where souls seek to find release, into the homes where men and women struggle to be true and fail. Leave your ceaseless round of self-indulgence, your drifting days where, safe and well content, you may draw down the

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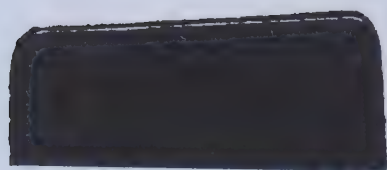
shades, say your comfortable prayers at eventide and easily *forget*. Let your prayers be like Christ's as you kneel alone in the night when the day's work is done. Go out from this place and this hour into the problems of your own home, your office and school, your city streets, your country lanes; go out to lift burdens, knowing that in the ultimate plan of the eternal God you have a part.. I pray you turn to the Christ of Calvary, the Man of Galilee and say to him, with joy, "I see the need. *I take it upon myself.*"

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"On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
While still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home;
Its song of triumph surges
O'er all the thunderous din,
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win.

"The reef is strong and cruel,
Upon its jagged wall
One wave, a score, a hundred
Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
The sea comes flooding in,
Wave upon wave is routed,
But the tide is sure to win.

"O mighty sea! thy message
In clanging spray is cast,
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin,
The waves may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win!"



Jm Redin Kirk
Amdurlee
NC

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

H. G. WELLS

in collaboration with

VISCOUNT GREY

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WILLIAM ARCHER

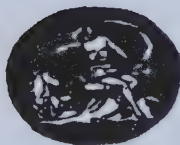
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This One



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cessation of war and a world-wide rule of international law, no new idea; it can be traced through many centuries of history. It is found as an acceptable commonplace in a fragment, *De Republica*, of Cicero. It has, indeed, appeared in, and passed out of, the foreground of thought, and reappeared there, again and again.

Hitherto, however, if only on account of the limitations of geographical knowledge, the project has rarely been truly world-wide, though in some instances it has comprehended practically all the known world. Almost always there has been an exclusive fringe of barbarians and races esteemed as less than men.

The Roman Empire realized the idea in a limited sphere and in a mechanical, despotic fashion. It was inherent in the propaganda of Islam — excluding the unbeliever. It was the dream of the mediæval Church — a dream which, partly in harmony, partly in rivalry, with the mediæval Empire, it was constantly trying to realize, however ineffectually. (But here again the line was drawn against the infidel.) It may be said that the political unity of Christendom, overriding states and nations, was the orthodox and typical doctrine of the Middle Ages. The individual states were regarded as being, in the nature of things, members of one great body politic, presided over by the Pope or the Emperor or both. It was the idea of the world-supremacy of the Empire which inspired Dante's *De Monarchia*; but, as Lord Bryce has remarked, 'Dante's book was an epilogue instead of a prophecy.' The Council of Constance (1414–1418) brought together the Christian princes of all countries, the higher dignitaries of the

It cannot be claimed that history shows any continuously progressive movement of human affairs from a dispersed to a unified condition. Rather, it tells a story of the oscillating action of centrifugal and unifying forces. And the process of civilization itself, if we use the word in its narrower and older sense of the elaboration of citizenship in a political and social organization, and exclude mechanical and scientific progress from it, has, on the whole, been rather on the side of fragmentation. It was, for example, much easier for loosely organized tribes and village communities scattered over wide areas to coalesce into vague and often very extensive 'nations,' like the Scythians and Thracians, or to coöperate in 'amphictyonies,' or federations, like the Delian League, than for all peoples of central Greece, or for highly developed city-states or fully organized monarchies, possessing a distinctive culture and religion, and definite frontiers, to sink these things into any larger union. For such higher forms of political organization, enlargement occurred mainly through conquest, which created unstable empire-systems of subject and subordinate peoples, under the sway — which might, of course, be the assimilating sway — of a dominant nation, rather than real unifications. The Renaissance presents a phase in history in which a large-scale unification (Christendom) is seen to be breaking up, simultaneously with the appearance of a higher grade of national organization. Machiavelli, says Ter Meulen, may be conveniently taken as the typical exponent of the new mental forces which ultimately turned Europe toward the conception of more or less absolute princes, with highly organized standing armies (see his *Art of War*), national religions, and educational autonomy. Machiavelli, with his aspiration toward a united Italy, involving a disintegration of the Empire, opened that phase of

idea of international organization for peace seemed far more utopian to the normal European intelligence in 1900 than it would have done eight hundred years before.

But while these political and social developments which constitute civilization in the narrower sense of the word were tending to make human societies, as they became more elaborately organized, more heterogeneous and mutually unsympathetic there were also coming into play throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for the first time, upon a quite unprecedented scale, another series of forces diametrically opposed to human separations. (They worked, however, mutually, because the world of thought was unprepared for them.) Unprecedented advances in technical and scientific knowledge were occurring, and human coöperation and the reaction of man upon man, not only in material, but also in mental things, was being made enormously more effective than it had ever been before. The phrases of international relationship were not altering to correspond. (Phrases usually follow after rather than anticipate reality;) and so it was that, at the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, Europe and the world awoke out of a dream of intensified nationality to a new system of realities entirely antagonistic to the continuance of national separations.

It is necessary to state very plainly the nature of these forces. Upon them rests the whole case for the League of Nations as it is here presented. It is a new case. It is argued here that these forces give us powers novel in history, and bring man face to face with dangers such as it has never confronted before.

ore of the aspect of an imperative necessity. (Under the lurid
amination of the world-war, the idea of world-unification has
ssed rapidly from the sphere of the literary idealist into that
the methodical, practical man; and the task of an examination
its problems and possibilities, upon the scale which the near
obability of an actual experiment demands, is thrust upon the
orld.)

All political and social institutions, all matters of human rela-
nship, are dependent upon the means by which mind may
ct upon mind and life upon life—that is to say, upon the
ensity, rapidity, and reach of mental and physical communi-
tion. In the history of mankind, the great phases seem all to
marked by the appearance of some new invention, which
ilitates trade or intercourse and may be regarded as the
erating cause of the new phase. The inventions of writing,
the wheel and the road, of the ship, of money, of printing,
letters of exchange, of joint-stock undertakings and limited
bility, mark distinct steps in the enlargement of human inter-
urse and coöperation from its original limitation within the
rbal and traditional range of the family or tribe.

A large part of the expansion of the Roman Empire, apart
om its over-seas development, may be considered, for example,
a process of road-making and bridge-building. Even its trans-
editerranean development was a matter of road-making com-
ned with ship-building. The Roman Empire, like the Chinese,
panded on land to an extremity determined by the new method
road-communication, and sought to wall itself in at last at the
nits of its range from its centres of strength. The new chapter
the human story, again, which began with the entry of America

ganization of Christendom, made the systematic investigations and records of modern science possible, and created the vast newspaper-reading democracies of to-day. 'The whole of history could, indeed, be written as a drama of human nature reacting to invention.✓✓

And we live to-day in a time of accelerated inventiveness and innovation, when a decade modifies the material of intercommunication, in range, swiftness, and intensity alike, far more extensively than did any century before. Within the present century, since 1900, there have been far more extensive changes in these things than occurred in the ten centuries before Christ. The automobile has raised the limit of possible road travel from ten or twelve to forty or fifty miles an hour, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane have abolished such things as inaccessible regions, and instead of regarding *Around the World in Eighty Days* (first published in 1872) as an amazing feat of hurry, we can now regard a flight about the globe in fifteen or sixteen days as a reasonable and moderate performance. The teaching of history compels us to recognize in these new facilities factors which will necessarily work out into equally revolutionary social and political consequences. It is the most obvious wisdom to set ourselves to anticipate as far as we can, so as to mitigate and control, the inevitable collisions and repercussions of mankind that are coming upon us. Even if we were to suppose that this rush of novel accelerating contrivances would be presently checked, — and there is little justification for any such supposition, — it would still behoove us to work out the influence which the things already achieved will have upon our kind.

there has been an increase of power at present incalculable, owing to vast strides in the printing of pictures, and to the cinematograph, the gramophone, and similar means of intense world-wide information and suggestion.

II

While all these things, on the one hand, point plainly now to such possibilities of human unification and world-unanimity as no one could have dreamed of a hundred years ago, there has been on the other hand, a change, an intensification, of the destructive processes of war, which opens up a black alternative to this pacific settlement of human affairs. The case, as it is commonly stated in the propaganda literature for a League of Nations, is a choice between, on the one hand, a general agreement on the part of mankind to organize a permanent peace, and, on the other, a progressive development of the preparation for war and the means of conducting war which must ultimately eat up human freedom and all human effort, and, as the phrase goes, destroy civilization. We shall find as we proceed that these simple oppositions do not by any means state all the possibilities of the case; but for a moment or so it will be convenient to confine our attention to this enhancement of the cost, burden, and destructiveness of belligerence which scientific and technical progress has made inevitable.

What has happened is essentially this: that the natural limitations upon warfare which have existed hitherto appear to have broken down. Hitherto there has been a certain proportion between the utmost exertion of a nation at war and the rest of its

haustion. To take a primitive example, it was possible for the Zulu people, under King Chaka, to carry warfare as it was then understood in South Africa — a business of spearmen fighting on foot — to its utmost perfection, and to remain prosperous and happy themselves, whatever might be the fate they inflicted upon their neighbors. And even the armies of Continental Europe, as they existed before the Great War, were manifestly bearable burdens, because they were borne. But the outbreak of that struggle forced upon the belligerents, in spite of the natural conservatism of all professional soldiers, a rapid and logical utilization of the still largely neglected resources of mechanical and chemical science; they were compelled to take up every device that offered, however costly it might be; they could not resist the drive toward scientific war which they had themselves released. In warfare the law of the utmost immediate exertion rules; the combatant who does not put in all his possible energy is lost. In four brief years, therefore, Europe was compelled to develop a warfare monstrously out of proportion to any conceivable good which the completest victory could possibly achieve for either side.

We may take, as a typical instance of this logical and necessary exaggeration which warfare has undergone, the case of the 'tank.' The idea of a land ironclad was an old and very obvious one, which had been disliked and resisted by military people for many years. The substantial basis of the European armies of 1914 was still a comparatively inexpensive infantry, assisted by machine-guns and field-guns and cavalry. By 1918 the infantry line is sustained by enormous batteries of guns of every calibre, firing away an incredible wealth of ammunition;

high running expenses, something between thirty-five and fifty thousand dollars. At that stage it was still an expedient on trial and in the rough. But its obvious corollary in movable big-gun forts with ammunition tenders — forts which will probably be made in parts and built near the point of use, however costly they may be — is practically dictated if war is to continue. So, too, is a production of light and swift types of tank that will serve many of the purposes of cavalry. They will be a mechanical cavalry, more effective but vastly more costly. If war is to continue as a human possibility, this elaboration of the tank in scale and species follows inevitably. A mere peace of the old type is likely to accelerate rather than check this elaboration. Only a peace that will abolish the probability of war from human affairs can release the nations from the manifest necessity of cultivating the tank, multiplying the tank, and maintaining a great manufacture and store of tanks, over and above all the other belligerent plants that they had to keep going before 1914. And these tanks will supersede nothing — unless, perhaps, to a certain extent, cavalry. The tank, growing greater and greater and more numerous and various, is manifestly, therefore, one new burden — one of many new burdens — which must rest upon the shoulders of mankind henceforth, until the prospect of war can be shut off from international affairs. It is foolish to ignore these grimly budding possibilities of the tank. There they are, and they cannot be avoided if war is to go on.

But the tank is only one of quite a multitude of developments, which are bound to be followed up if the modern war-process continues. There is no help for it. In every direction there is the

type may cost anything up to a hundred thousand dollars; the smallest costs not much less than five thousand; the pilot and the observer are of the very flower of the youth of the country; they have probably cost society many thousands of dollars worth of upbringing and education, and they have made little or no productive contribution to human resources. And these costly units have been multiplied enormously. From a poor hundred or so of aeroplanes at the outset of the war, Great Britain alone has expanded her air forces until she has an output of thousands of new machines a month; aerodromes abound throughout the country, and there is scarcely a corner of England where the hum of the passing aeroplane is not to be heard. Now, all this vast plant of aeroplane factories and instruction aerodromes must be kept up, once it has been started, war or no war, until war is practically impossible. It may be argued, perhaps, that during a peace-spell some portion of this material may be applied to civil air-transport; but the manufacturers have made it abundantly clear that this project does not strike them as reasonable or desirable; their industry has been created as an armament industry, and an armament industry they wish it to remain. And besides this opposition of the interested profiteer, we have to remember that the aeroplane has imported into warfare possibilities of surprise hitherto undreamed of. So long as a sudden declaration of war, or an attack preceding a declaration of war, is possible, it is now imperative, not only that the air force of a country should be kept always in striking condition, but that the whole vast organization of coastal and frontier anti-aircraft defenses should be equally ready. Tens of thousands of men, most of them economically very valuable, will have to keep watch day and

night, prepared at any moment to flash into warfare again.

The same story of a tremendous permanent expansion of war-equipment could be repeated in a score of parallel instances drawn from the land war and sea war. Enormous new organizations of anti-submarine flotillas, of mine-field material and its production, of poison-gas manufacture and the like, have, for instance, been called into existence, and must now remain as going concerns so long as war is likely to be renewed. But enough examples have been cited here to establish the reality of this present unrestricted, illimitable, disproportionate growth of the war-process in comparison with all other human processes. Mars has become the young cuckoo in the nest of human possibilities, and it is — to state the extreme alternatives — (a choice before mankind, whether we will drift on toward a catastrophe due to that overgrowth, or so organize the world as effectually to restrain and reduce warfare.)

It is not impossible to adumbrate the general nature of the catastrophe which threatens mankind if war-making goes on. Modern warfare is not congenial to the working masses anywhere. No doubt the primitive form of warfare, a murderous bickering with adjacent tribes, is natural enough to uneducated men; but modern warfare, and still more the preparation for it, involves distresses, strains, and a continuity of base and narrow purpose, quite beyond the patience and interest of the millions of ordinary men who find no other profit in it but suffering. The natural man is more apt for chaotic local fighting than for large-scale systematic fighting. Hatred campaigns and a sustained propaganda are needed to keep up the combatant spirit in a large modern state, even during actual hostilities; and in the case of Russia we have a striking example of the distaste a whole population may develop for the war-strain, even during the war and with the enemy at its gates.

What is likely to happen, then, when the working masses of Central and Western Europe, no longer sustained by the imme-

diate excitement of actual war, find themselves still obliged to go on, year after year, producing vast masses of war-material, pledged to carry a heavy burden of war-loan *rentiers* on their backs, and subjected to an exacerbated conscription? Possibly so far as the *rentier* burden upon the worker goes, a great rise in prices and wages will relieve the worker to some extent, but only at the cost of acute disappointment and distress at another social level. There is a dangerously narrowing limit now to the confidence of the common man in the intelligence and good faith of those who direct his affairs; and the probability of a cruel, confused class-war throughout Europe, roughly parallel in its methods to the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, and released by a similar loss of faith in leaders and governments, appears at the end of the vista of waste of directive energy and natural resources, completing that waste of energy and resources into which the belligerent systems of Europe, the German Empire being the chief and foremost, have led mankind. Systematic force, overstrained and exhausted, will then give place to chaotic force, and general disorganization will ensue. Thereafter the world may welter in confusion for many generations, through such ruinous and impoverished centuries as close the Roman Imperial story, before it develops the vitality for an effective reorganization.

That, roughly, is the idea of the phrase 'downfall of civilization' as used in discussions like these. It is a vision of the world as a social system collapsing chaotically, not under the assault of outer barbarians, but beneath the pressure of this inevitable hypertrophy of war.

III

Let us now look a little more closely between the two extremes of possibility we have stated in the preceding section, between a world-unanimity for peace, on the one hand, — Everyman's World-League of Nations, — and a world-collapse under the overgrowth of war-organization and material, on the other.

First we have to consider the possibility of some belligerent state achieving so much victory as to establish a world-hegemony and a peace based on force, and then relieving the pressure by an enforced and controlled world-disarmament. We should then have a sort of League of Nations project realized in a very different form and spirit indeed from that League of Everyman, but still realized, as the dictated peace of a subjugated world, rather after the pattern of the Roman Empire. Such was probably the hope—and a not altogether unreasonable hope, having regard to the self-confidence of the German people, the rottenness of Russia, the Irish disorders, and the unpreparedness of America—of many far-seeing Germans in the early phases of the war. But the affairs of the world are now in a posture which enables us to dismiss this idea of a world-hegemony for Germany, or for any other single power, as a fantastic vanity. //

/ We have to consider, however, the much greater probability of a group of the more powerful states, including perhaps a chastened Germany, agreeing among themselves to organize and enforce peace in the world for ever. This would give us still a third type of League, which we may call the League of the Senior States. It is, perhaps, the most probable of all the intermediate possibilities. /

And on the other hand, we have assumed quite crudely in the first section that the forces of popular insurrection are altogether destructive of organization, whereas there may be as yet unmeasured constructive and organizing power in the popular mind. There is a middle way between a superstitious belief in unguided democracy and a frantic hatred of it. Concurrently, for example, with the earlier phases of Bolshevik anarchy in Petrograd and Moscow, there seems to have been for a time a considerable development of coöperative production and distribution throughout European and Asiatic Russia. Mingled with much merely destructive and vindictive insurrectionism, there may be a popular will to order, reaching out to coöperate with all

the sound and liberal forces of the old system of things. We can only guess as yet at the possibilities of a collective will in these peasant and labor masses of Europe which now read and write, and have new-born ideas of class-action and responsibility. They will be ill-informed, they may be emotional, but they may have vast reserves of common sense. Much may depend upon the unforeseeable accident of great leaders. (Nearly every socialist and democratic organization in the world, it is to be noted, now demands the League of Nations in some form, and men may arise who will be able to give that still quite vague demand force and creative definition. A failure to achieve a world-guaranty of peace on the part of the diplomatists at a peace conference may lead, indeed, to a type of insurrection and revolution not merely destructive but preparatory. It is conceivable. The deliberate organization of peace, as distinguished from a mere silly clamor for peace, may break out at almost any social level and in the form either of a constructive, and adaptive, or a revolutionary project. //

We have not, therefore, here, a case of a clear-cut choice of two ways: there is a multitude of roads which may converge on the permanent organization of world-peace, and an infinitude of thwarting and delaying digressions may occur. Complicating and mitigatory circumstances may, and probably will, make this antagonism of war and peace a lengthy and tortuous drama. The collapse of Russia tempted Germany to outrageous aggressions upon her Eastern frontier, and so brought out the opposition of a militarist and pacifist conception of life, with the acutest, most illuminating simplicity. But other such collapses may not have this effect of simplifying and enforcing the issue. They may merely encourage powers adjacent to the region of collapse, to adopt a partial disarmament, a mere resting phase, and so defer for scores of years, by this temporary mitigation, the necessity for securely ending war. There may be many such halts and setbacks in the inevitable development of war; belligerence may

pause and take breath on several occasions before its ultimate death-flurry.

/, Such delays, such backwater phases and secondary aspects, must not confuse the issue and hide from us the essential fact of the disappearance of any real limitation upon the overgrowth of war in human life. That unlimited overgrowth is the probability which is driving more and more men to the study and advocacy of this project of a League of Nations, because they are convinced that only through a counter-organization of the peace-will in mankind can the world be saved from a great cycle of disasters, disorder, and retrogression.//

And it does not follow, because the origins and motives of the will for such a world-league are various, that they involve a conflict over essentials, as to the character of the final result. /It is the declared belief of many of the promoters of the world-league movement that a careful analysis of the main factors of its problems, a scientific examination of what is possible, what is impossible, what is necessary, and what is dangerous, must lead the mass of reasonable men in the world, whatever their class, origins, traditions and prejudices, to a practical agreement upon the main lines of this scheme for the salvation of mankind. It is believed that the clear, deliberate, and methodical working out of the broad problems and riddles of the world-league idea will have a sufficient compelling force to bring it within the realm of practical possibility./

IV

At this point it is advisable to take up and dispose of a group of suggestions which contradict our fundamental thesis, which is, that war is by its nature illimitable. War is, we hold here, a cessation of law, and in war, therefore, it is impossible to prevent permanently the use of every possible device for injury, killing, and compulsion which human ingenuity can devise or science produce. Our main argument for a League of Nations rests on that.

But there are people who do not accept as a fact the illimitable nature of war. They fall back upon the theory that the horrors of the Great War are due to a sort of accidental relapse into savagery on the part of the German people, and that future wars can and will be conducted under restrictions imposed by humanity and chivalry. They believe that war can become a conventional Ordeal by Battle, in which the nations shall deliberately refrain from putting forth their full strength, and shall agree to abide by the decision of a struggle between limited armies, operating, like the champions in a tournament or a prize-fight, under an accepted code of rules.

This is, we hold, a delusion. Our case is that the nations can agree far more easily to abolish war than to restrict war.

It is true that, in the Great War, Germany has carried her theories of ruthlessness to self-defeating extremes. She has done many deeds which recoiled upon herself — deeds inspired by a sort of ferocious pedantry, which inflicted comparatively small material damage upon the Allies, but hardened their resolution and brought thousands, nay, millions of recruits to their ranks. None the less must we face the fact that, individual stupidities apart, the German theory of war is the only logical one. The theory is laid down by Clausewitz at the very beginning of his classical treatise *On Wars*: —

Philanthropists may think it possible that the disarmament or subjection of the enemy can be effected by some artificial means, without causing too many wounds, and that this is the true aim of all military science. Pretty as that looks, we must refute the error, for, in such dangerous matters as war, errors arising from good-nature are the worst of all. As the employment of physical force to its fullest extent in no wise excludes the coöperation of intelligence, it follows that he who makes use of this force ruthlessly, and without sparing blood, must obtain an ascendancy if the enemy does not do likewise. By so doing he frames a law for the other, and thus both strain every nerve, without finding any other limitation than their own natural counterpoise.

The same principle is restated by Von der Goltz in *The Nation in Arms* (English translation, page 22): —

If, from humanitarian principles, a nation decided not to resort to extremities, but to employ its strength up to a given point only, it would soon find itself swept onward against its will. No enemy would consider itself bound to observe a similar limitation. So far from this being the case, each would avail itself of the voluntary moderation of the other to outstrip him at once in activity.

If it be said that, in past times, this was not true, — that nations fought with comparatively small armies, and often accepted defeat without having thrown anything like their full strength into the struggle, — the objection is met by a twofold answer. Firstly, the logic of war, the law — as we have termed it — of the utmost effort, had not yet been thoroughly thought out. Primitive peoples in general — and the same applies to all but the most civilized and sophisticated of modern states — are guided in matters of war and peace more by their emotions than by their reason. They are lazy, as peoples, and muddle-headed. They fight because they are angry, they stop because they are tired; they cease pursuing the enemy because they want to attend to the harvest. It is the mark of a highly organized and intellectualized government to subordinate national emotions to the remorseless logic of the case. And the logic of war was reserved for Napoleon to express in practice and Clausewitz to formulate in theory.

But the second answer goes more to the root of the matter: namely, that the strength which a nation can put into the field is limited by many conditions, both material and psychological, and that, if we examine into these conditions, we shall often find that what may seem to us, on the face of it, an insignificant effort, was in very truth the greatest of which, at the given moment, the nation was capable. It is a quite new social fact, a creation of the last fifty years, to have a central government supplied with exact information about all its resources in men,

money, and material, and with means of organization and control which enable it, at the cost of some delay and friction, to exploit those resources to the last inch. When Babylon was captured by the Medes, we are told, there were parts of the city itself which were unaware of the fact for several days; and there must have been vast islands of population in the country which, so far as their personal experience went, never knew. But that sort of thing has passed.

If we look into the history of warfare, we find that it has completed a cycle and is now returning to its starting-point. A nomadic horde of the barbarous ages was 'a nation in arms' in the full sense of the word. Having no fixed place of abode, it had no civil—as distinct from military—population. The whole people—old men, women, and children included—took part in the toils and perils of war. There were no places of security in which the weak and the defenseless could take refuge. Everyone's life was forfeit in case of disaster; therefore everyone took part in the common defense. Modern warfare, with its air-fleets, its submarines, and its 'big Berthas,' is more and more restricting the area of immunity from military peril, and reverting to these primitive conditions.

Agricultural life and city settlements brought with them the distinction between combatants and non-combatants; but still, in the normal state, every able-bodied citizen was a soldier. The citizen took his place as a matter of course in the militia of his country, leaving to old men and women, or to slaves and captives, the guardianship of field and vineyard, flock and herd. Only when wealth and luxury had reached a certain pitch, did the habit of employing denationalized mercenaries creep in. Then came the time when the mercenaries encountered nomadic or thoroughly mobilized 'nations in arms,' and civilization went to the wall.

In the Middle Ages, the feudal chief, the dominant, soldierly, often predatory personality, gathered his vassals ('Gesellen,'

companions) around him for purposes of offense and defense, while the cultivation of the soil devolved on the villeins or serfs. Thus, war became the special function of a military caste, and, as in the Wars of the Roses, campaigns were often carried on with comparatively little disturbance to the normal life of the country. When the royal power crushed or absorbed that of the barons, the centralized monarchy everywhere recruited a standing army, often consisting largely of foreign mercenaries, as the bulwark of its security and the instrument of its will. It was quite natural that dynastic wars, and wars in which the common people of the contending nations had little or no interest, should be fought out on a restricted scale by these specialized military machines. Frederick the Great employed a mercenary army as the nucleus for a national militia; and so lately as the beginning of the last century, this system was celebrated as ideal by a noted military authority, Friedrich von der Decken, the immediate predecessor of Clausewitz.

With Napoleon came the nation in arms; and the military history of the intervening years has consisted of the ever completer concentration upon warlike purposes of the whole powers and resources of the great European peoples.

If it be asked why this logical evolution of the idea of war has taken so many centuries to work itself out, the main reason — among many others — may be stated in two words: munitions and transport. Before the age of machines, it was impossible to arm and clothe immense multitudes of men: before the days of McAdam and Stephenson, it was impossible to move such multitudes, and still more to keep them supplied with food and munitions. Again we find ourselves insisting upon the vital importance of transit methods in this, as in nearly all questions of human interaction. The size of armies has steadily grown with the growth of means of communication. The German wars of 1863–70 were the first European wars in which railways played any considerable part, and the scale of operations in 1870–71

was quite unprecedented. What is the chief new factor since the days of St. Privat and Sedan? The aeroplane, most people would reply; possibly it may become so, but thus far a less picturesque invention has been of even greater influence — the motor-lorry. No one can go anywhere near the Western Front without realizing that the gigantic scale of this struggle is almost wholly dependent upon motor-traction. Had not the internal-combustion engine been invented, the war would probably have been over long ago, and, at all events, millions of men would still be alive and well who now lie dead, or crawl mutilated over the face of the earth.

Seen in this light, the invention of the motor may appear to have been due to a special interference of Satan in human affairs. But that is an unphilosophical view to take. Our race must perfect its power over matter before it can wisely select the ends to which it will apply that power. The idea of war had to work itself out to the full and demonstrate its own impossibility, before man could find the insight and the energy to put it behind him and have done with it. Thanks to Prussian ambition and Prussian philosophy, the demonstration has now been completed. The idea of war has revealed itself in its full hideousness. All the world has come to look upon it as a sort of mythological monster which, if left to itself, will periodically reëmerge from hell, to devour the whole youth and the whole wealth of civilized mankind. It is useless to dream of clipping the wings or paring the claws of the dragon. It must be slain outright if it is not to play unthinkable havoc with civilization; and to that end the intelligence and the moral enthusiasm of the world are now, as we see, addressing themselves.

The idea of paring the claws of the dragon and rendering him comparatively innocuous has long hovered before simple and idealistic minds. Many people have said to themselves, like Jeannette in the touching old ballad, —

If I were King of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or, if kings must show their might,
Then let those who make the quarrels be the only men to fight.

But even Jeannette evidently realized that the idea of making the fate of a tribe or a nation depend upon the fortunes of one or two selected champions was but a pious aspiration, which not even the King of France or the Pope of Rome could translate into practical politics. Though the nations may not, until recent times, have *learned how* to bring their full strength to bear for purposes either of aggression or defense, the idea of a deliberate restriction of military effort, by mutual consent, with a view to minimizing the horrors of war, belongs rather to legend than to sober history. It is true that the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii meets every schoolboy in the first pages of his Livy; but it is manifestly a fable. On the other hand, the tale told by Herodotus concerning the Lacedæmonians and the Argives at Thyrea, seems to be accepted as historical; but it only shows us the breakdown of such an experiment. Thus it runs: —

The Argives collected troops to resist the seizure of Thyrea, but before any battle was fought, the two parties came to terms and it was agreed that three hundred Spartans and three hundred Argives should meet and fight for the place, which should belong to the nation with whom the victory rested. It was stipulated also that the other troops on each side should return home to their respective countries, and not remain to witness the combat, as there was danger, if the armies stayed, that either the one or the other, on seeing their countrymen undergoing defeat, might hasten to their assistance. These terms being agreed upon, the two armies marched off, leaving three hundred picked men on each side to fight for the territory. The battle began, and so equal were the combatants that at the close of the day, when night put a stop to the fight, of the whole six hundred only three men remained alive, two Argives, Alcanor and Chromius, and a single Spartan, Othryadas. The two Argives, regarding themselves as the victors, hurried to Argos. Othryadas, the Spartan, remained upon the field, and, stripping the bodies of the Argives who had fallen, carried their armor to the Spartan camp. Next day the two armies returned to learn the result. At

first they disputed, both parties claiming the victory, the one because they had the greater number of survivors; the other, because their man remained on the field, and stripped the bodies of the slain, whereas the two men of the other side ran away. But at last they fell from words to blows, and a battle was fought, in which both parties suffered great loss, but at the end the Lacedæmonians gained the victory.

Whether true or not, this story is illuminating. It shows that the Prussian theory of war, as a form of activity which cannot be subjected to contractual limits, is based on fundamental facts of human nature. Where the matter at stake is, or is conceived to be, of vital moment, no nation or tribe will ever accept a defeat which it knows, or hopes, that it can repair. Effort, no doubt, will generally be proportioned to the real or fancied importance of the point at issue. (If England had been unable to live without her American colonies, she would probably have put forth her strength and quelled the revolt. She did not do so because her conscience was uneasy, her purpose infirm, and her interests not vitally involved — she could get on very well without the thirteen commonwealths. But it is one thing to sit down under a defeat because victory would not be worth its price; quite another thing to do so because the nation has contracted in advance to restrict its effort within certain definite limits. And the principle is the same whether the selected champions are three, or three hundred, or three hundred thousand. If the procedure were reasonable at all, it would be the more reasonable the smaller the force employed.

There is one theory, indeed, which, if we accept its initial postulate, would make limited warfare logical. If battle be regarded as the trial of a cause before the judgment-seat of God, there is no sound reason for pouring huge armies into it. It is manifest that God can deliver his verdict in the result of a duel of one against one, quite as well as in the result of a war between whole nations in arms. On this theory, war would be an extension to politics of the 'wager of battle' between individuals — a method

of obtaining a supernatural ruling, indistinguishable in principle from the drawing of lots or tossing of a coin.¹ But although men have always talked, and still talk, of 'appealing to the God of Battles,' they have never shown any disposition to accept, save at the last gasp, a judgment which ran counter to their passions or their cupidities.) Whatever may have been their professions, their practical belief has always been that 'God is on the side of the big battalions,' or, in other words, that war is a part of the natural order of things, the immeasurable network of cause and effect, and no more subject to special interventions of Providence than commerce, or navigation, or any other form of human activity. Nor is there any reason to suppose that they will ever believe otherwise. If it be difficult to conceive them, in their disputes, abiding by the awards of impartial reason, it is a hundred times more difficult to conceive them accepting the wholly unreasonable awards of artificially and arbitrarily restricted violence.

These truths are so obvious that it may seem idle to insist upon them. Nobody, it may be said, proposes that Paris and Berlin should in future settle their disputes, like Rome and Alba Longa, by selecting three champions apiece and setting them to cut each others' throats. In this crude and elementary form, indeed, the proposal does not appear; but disguised applications of the same principle are constantly commended in the writings of those who, holding war to be eternally inevitable, seek refuge from sheer despair in the belief that it is possible to subject it to rule and limit, and say to it, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' They cannot or will not see that any conventional limitation is foreign to its very essence. It is perfectly possible and consonant with human nature that nations should agree not to appeal to force, and should hold to that agreement even when one or the other of them believes itself to have suffered injustice. But it is utterly impossible and inconsistent with human nature that, having appealed to force, they should agree to exercise it only within lim-

its, and accept impoverishment, humiliation, servitude, — in a word, defeat, — rather than transgress the stipulated boundaries.

It may be objected that codes of law have in fact been devised for the partial humanization of war, and that not until the present time has any civilized belligerent made a practice of disregarding them. But these so-called laws of war have always been conventions of mutual advantage — rules which all parties held it to be, on the whole, to their own interest to observe. The German War Book quite frankly places the chief sanction of such trammels on military action, not in humanity, but in the fear of reprisals. We do not deny that man is an emotional being, and even in the midst of his fiercest fighting there are horrors from which the decent man, and even the decent multitude, instinctively recoils. Decent men do not as a rule want to hurt their wounded prisoners: they rather like to pet them; and they regard people who do otherwise as blackguards. And no doubt it is largely these emotional mercies and generosityies which have brought about those rules of chivalry or scruples of religion which form the supposed 'redeeming features' of war. But the necessities of war completely override all such weaknesses as soon as they begin to endanger actual military interests. And the logic of war tolerates them only as cheap concessions to a foolish popular psychology. It must be remembered that undisguised atrocities on a stupendous scale — such, for instance, as the massacre in cold blood of whole regiments of helpless prisoners — would be too strong for the stomach of even the most brutalized people, and would tend to bring war into discredit with all but its monomaniac votaries. If we look into the matter closely enough, we shall find that all Geneva Conventions and such palliative ordinances, though excellent in intention and good in their immediate effects, *make ultimately for the persistence of war as an institution*. They are sops to humanity, devices for rendering war barely tolerable to civilized mankind, and so staving off the inevitable rebellion against its abominations.

(Criticisms of the project of a League of Nations have consisted hitherto very largely of the statement of difficulties and impediments, rather than of reasons for rejection of the project. All such criticisms are helpful in so far as they enable us to map out the task before us, but none are adequate as conclusive objections. Few of the advocates of an organized world-peace fail to recognize the magnitude of the task to which they invite men to set themselves. But their main contention is that there is really no alternative to the attempt but resignation to long years of human suffering and disaster, and therefore that, however difficult the enterprise may be, it has to be faced. The recital of the difficulties is, they say, a stimulus to thought and exertion rather than a deterrent. A man who has to leap on to a blanket from the upper story of a burning building is not likely to be restrained from jumping by being told of the possibilities of breaking his leg or doing himself a grave injury; a man who has to swim ashore from a sinking ship is not likely to give up his purpose because there may be sharks in the water. And such is the desperate position of mankind. If the warning should induce the man in the former case to jump carefully with bended knees, and if in the latter case it should induce him to scan the water shrewdly and swim more swiftly, then these comments are all to the good. But not if they paralyze his will.)

The examination of how particular difficulties may be solved and how impediments may be overcome or circumvented belongs to the systematic study of the world-league project in detail, and will not be attempted in this general introduction to the subject. But there are certain objections to the undertaking as such that must be taken up and dealt with in a preliminary discussion.

There is, first, an objection which it will be convenient to speak of as the *Biological Objection*. It is stated in various forms, and it peeps out and manifests itself in the expressed thoughts and

activities of quite a number of people who do not seem to have formulated it completely. But what many of these objectors think, and what still more feel, may be expressed in some such phraseology as this: —

Life is conflict and is begotten of conflict. All the good qualities of life are the result of the tragic necessities of survival. Life, stripped down to its fundamental fact, is the vehement urgency of individuals or groups of individuals to survive and reproduce and multiply their kind. The pressure of individual upon individual and of species upon species sharpens the face of life and is the continuing impetus and interest in life. The conception of life without war is a conception, therefore, not simply utopian, but millennial. It is a proposal that every kind and sort and type of humanity should expand and increase without limit in a small world of restricted resources. It is, in fact, absurd. It is an impossible attempt to arrest and stereoptype a transient phase of human life. It is inviting paralysis as a cure for epilepsy. It is a dream of fatigued minds. Terrible as the scope and nature of human warfare have become, it has to be faced. The more destructive it is, the more rapid the hardening and evolution of the species. Life and history move cyclically from phase to phase, and perhaps such an apparent retrogression as we mean when we talk of the breakdown of civilization, may be only part of a great rhythm in the development of the species. Let us gather together with our own kind, and discipline and harden ourselves, in an heroic resolve to survive in the unavoidable centuries of harsh conflict ahead of us.

Now, here is a system of objection not lightly to be brushed aside. True, the element of mutual conflict in life is often grossly overstated and the element of mutual help suppressed. Prince Kropotkin's book, *Mutual Help*, has shown how the successful survival of most gregarious species depends far more on the co-operation of individuals than on competition between them, and how the important struggle lies chiefly between the individual

and his environment. But, though overstated, there are valid criticisms here of any merely negative league-of-nations project, any mere proposal to end war without replacing it by some other collective process. There do seem to be advocates of the League whose advocacy is little more than a cry of terror at the disappearance of established wealth, the loss of wasted leisure, and the crumbling of accepted dignities. Those who have faith in the possibility of a world-league are bound — just as the Socialist is bound — to produce some assurances of a control over the blind pressure of population, which may otherwise swamp the world with prolific low-grade races. They are bound to show that their schemes are compatible with a series of progressive readjustments, and not an attempt to restore and stereotype the boundaries, the futile institutions, and the manifest injustices of the world of 1914, with only armaments abolished. They are bound to show that exceptional ability and energy will have, not merely scope, but fuller scope for expression, achievement, and perpetuation, in the new world to which they point us, than in the old. In the years to come, as in the whole past history of life, individual must compete against individual and type against type.

But having made these admissions, we may then go on to point out two fundamental misconceptions which entirely vitiate the biological argument as an argument for the continuation of war as a method of human selection. It is falsely assumed, first, that modern war is a discriminatory process, selecting certain types as against certain other types, whereas it is largely a catastrophic and indiscriminate process; and secondly, that belligerent states are in the nature of biological units, super-individuals, which either triumph or are destroyed, whereas they are systems of political entanglement of the most fluid, confused, and transitory description. They neither reproduce their kind nor die; they change indefinitely: the children of the defeated state of today may become the dominant citizens of its victorious competitor in a generation or so. They do not even embody traditions or

ideas: France, which went into the Revolutionary wars at the end of the eighteenth century to establish the republican idea throughout Europe, emerged as an empire; and the defeat of the Russian by the German imperialism led to Lenin's 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' The essence of success in the biological struggle for existence is preferential reproduction; whereas the modern war-process takes all the sturdier males to kill and be killed haphazard, while it sends all the more intelligent and energetic girls into munition factories, substitute work, and such like sterilizing occupations. If it prefers any type for prosperity and multiplication, it is the alert shirker, the able tax-dodger, and the war profiteer; if it breeds anything, it breeds parasites. The vital statistics of Germany, which is certainly the most perfect as a belligerent of all the belligerent states engaged, show already tremendous biological injuries. Germany in the first four years of the war had lost by the fall in her birthrate alone nearly 2,600,000 lives, approximately 40,000 per million of the population; Hungary in the same period lost 1,500,000 (about 70,000 per million); the United Kingdom 50,000 (or about 10,000 per million). Add to this loss of lives the under-nutrition of the millions who were born, and their impoverished upbringing. These things strike at the victors as well as at the vanquished. They are entirely indiscriminate as among good types and bad, while on the whole the battlefield destroys rather the good than the 'unfit for service,' who remain at home to breed.

The whole process which, on a vaster scale, has brought Europe to its present plight may be seen in miniature among the tribes of the Indian frontier. Go up the Khyber Pass and stand on the ridge above Ali Masjid. In front lies a desolate valley, flanked by barren mountains under a blistering sun. On the slopes to right and left, at intervals of about a thousand yards, are oblong inclosures, each with brown walls and a little loopholed tower at one corner. These inclosures are the villages of the Pathan tribes which inhabit the valley, and in the towers are men with rifles,

waiting their chance to shoot man or boy who may rashly expose himself outside a neighboring village. For all or nearly all of them are at feud with each other, and though the causes of their warfare are forgotten, it is a point of honor and pride with them never to become reconciled. Every Pathan believes, or until quite recently did believe, that manliness, patriotism, and chivalry would perish if there were no feuds. There have been, roughly, three stages in the history of these feuds. In the first, men fought with knives, daggers, and other primitive weapons, and the result may have been, as a German would argue, 'biologically good.' The fittest survived, the population was kept from increasing beyond the number which an inhospitable soil would support, the arts of peace, such as they were, could be pursued without serious interruption. The second stage was reached when the flint-lock rifle came on the scene and took the place of knife and dagger. With this the vendetta necessarily became more of a national industry; but the weapon was short of range and irregular in its killing power, and there was still a fair chance of survival, and a certain presumption that the better or more skillful man would escape. But before the end of the nineteenth century the village marksmen had possessed themselves of the Martini-Henry and other long-range high-velocity rifles, brought from Europe by the gun-runners of the Persian Gulf. At this, the third stage, the biological merits of village warfare manifestly began to disappear. The village marksman in his mud-tower now makes the whole valley his zone of fire. Cultivation becomes impossible in the no-man's land between village and village; only behind the cover of the village wall can men sow or plough or reap, tether their cattle, or graze their sheep. Every village must be provided with a communication-trench, so that its inhabitants may pass under cover to the sanctuary — guaranteed twice in the week — of the government-protected road which runs down the centre of the valley. The question now is, not whether the vendetta is biologically good, but whether the tribes

can at all survive under it; and weary officials, at a loss to solve the vexed problem which they offer to the government of India, have been heard to suggest that, if a few machine-guns could be conveyed to the village marksmen and installed in the mud-towers, there would soon be no frontier problem at all.

The question which the civilized world has now to consider is, whether it can survive, or its life be more tolerable than that of these tribesmen under a vendetta of high explosives.

So that when the biological critic says, 'Life is Conflict,' we reply, without traversing his premises, that war, having ceased to be conflict in any discriminating sense, has become indiscriminate catastrophe, and that the selective processes which enlarge and enrich life can go on far more freely and effectively in a world from which this blundering, disastrous, non-selective, and even possibly dysgenic form of wastage is banished. But we have to bear in mind that this reply puts upon those who are preparing schemes for a League of Nations the onus of providing for progress, competition, and liberty under the restraints of such a scheme.

It may be worth while to take up and consider here a group of facts that are sometimes appealed to as a justification of war. It is alleged that there has been an extraordinarily rapid development of mechanical, chemical, and medical science since 1914, and a vast and valuable accumulation of experience in social and industrial organization. There has been great mental stimulation everywhere; people have been forced out of grooves and idle and dull ways of living, into energetic exertion; there has been in particular a great release and invigoration of feminine spirit and effort. The barriers set up by the monopolization of land and material by private owners for selfish ends have been broken down in many cases.

There can be no denying the substantial truth in these allegations. Indisputably there has been such a release and stimulation. But this is a question of proportion between benefits and

losses. And all this stir, we argue, has been bought at too great a cost. It is like accelerating the speed of a ship by burning its cargo and timbers as fuel. At best, it is the feverish and wasteful reaping of a long-accumulated harvest.

We must remember that a process may be evil as a whole while in part it is beneficial. It would be stupid to deny that for countless minds the Great War has provided an enlightening excitement which could have been provided in no other way. To deny that would be to assert the absolute aimlessness and incoherence of being. But while this harvest of beneficial bye-products of the war is undeniable, there is no evidence of any fresh sowing, or, if the process of belligerence and warlike preparation is to continue, of any possibility of an adequate fresh sowing of further achievements. The root from which all the shining triumphs of technical and social science spring, we must remember, is the quiet and steadfast pursuit of pure science and philosophy and literature by those best endowed for these employments. And if the greedy expansion of the war-process is to continue, — and we have shown that without an organized world-peace it must continue, — there is nothing to reassure us of the continuance of that soil of educated public opinion, that supply of free and vigorous educated intelligence, in which alone that root can flourish. On the contrary, it is one of the most obvious and most alarming aspects of the war-process that university education has practically ceased in Europe; Europe is now producing only schoolboys, and the very schools are understaffed and depleted. The laboratories of the English public schools are no longer making the scientific men of the future, they are making munitions. It is all very well for the scientific man of fifty to say that at last he has got his opportunity; but that is only a momentary triumph for science. ¹Where now is the great scientific man for the year 1930? Smashed to pieces in an aeroplane, acting as a stretcher-bearer, or digging a trench. And what, unless we can secure the peace of the world, will become of the potential scientific men of 1950?)

Suppose it to be possible to carry on this present top-heavy militarist system for so long a period as that, what will have happened then to our potential Faradays, Newtons, and Darwins? They will be at best half educated; they will be highly trained soldiers, robbed of their intellectual inheritance and incapable of rendering their gifts to the world. The progress of knowledge will be slowing down toward stagnation.

VI

A considerable amount of opposition to the League of Nations movement may be classified under the heading of *Objections from precedent and prepossession*. The mind is already occupied by the idea of attachment to some political system which stands in the way of a world-league. (These objections vary very much in intellectual quality.) Nevertheless, even the most unintelligent demand some attention, because numerically these antagonists form considerable masses. (Collectively, in their unorganized way, they produce a general discouragement and hostility far more formidable than any soundly reasoned case against an organized world-peace.)

The objection from prepossession is necessarily protean: it takes various forms because men's prepossessions are various; but ('There never has been a League of Nations, and there never will be,' may be regarded as the underlying idea of most of these forms.) And the objector relapses upon his prepossession as the only possible thing. A few years ago people were saying, 'Men have never succeeded in flying, and they never will.' And we are told, particularly by people who have obviously never given human nature ten minutes' thought in their lives, that world-unity is 'against human nature.' To substantiate these sweeping negatives, the objecter will adduce a heterogeneous collection of instances to show the confusions and contradictions of the human will, and a thousand cases of successful mass-coöperations will be ignored. We are moved to doubt at last whether human beings

did ever suppress piracy, develop a railway system, or teach a whole population to read and write. If the individual objecter is carefully examined, it will be found at times that he is under the sway of some narrow and intense mental inhibition, based on personal habits or experiences. Some of these inhibitions, if they are traced to their source, will be found to be even absurdly narrow. The objecter dislikes the idea of a World-League of Nations because it is 'international,' or, worse, 'cosmopolitan,' and he has got into the habit of associating these words with shady finance or anarchist outrages or the white-slave traffic. Or he has had uncomfortable experiences in hotels abroad, or he has suffered in his business from foreign competition. Many of the objections that phrase themselves in some such formulas as 'people will never stand it' or 'you do not understand the intensity of feeling,' are, indeed, rather cases for Jung and Freud than for serious dialectics. But from such levels of unreasoned hostility we can ascend to much more reasoned and acceptable forms of prepossession, which must be met with a greater respect.

// Most human beings are 'patriotic.' They have a pride, quite passionate in quality, in the race or nation to which they belong; an affection identical in nature with, and sometimes as intense as, that which they feel for family and home, for a certain atmosphere of thought and behavior, for a certain familiar landscape and atmosphere, (for certain qualities none the less real because they are often exquisitely indefinable.) And they are jealous of this 'national' quality of theirs — at times almost as men are jealous for their wives. Now, how far does this group of feelings stand in the way of a league-of-nations project? A number of vigorous speakers and writers do certainly play upon this jealousy. They point out that the league-of-nations project, as it develops, involves controls, not merely of military, but of economic concerns — controls by councils or committees, upon which every country will see a majority of 'foreigners'; and they exaggerate and intensify to the utmost the suggestion of unlimited

interference on the part of these same 'foreigners' with the most intimate and sacred things.

One eloquent writer, for example (Mr. Belloc), declares that the League of Nations would place us all 'at the mercy of a world-police'; and another (Mr. I. D. Colvin) declares that the council of a League of Nations would 'own' all our property as the British now 'own' the empire; an unfortunate parallel, if we consider the amount of ownership exercised by the British Government over the life and affairs of a New Zealander or a Canadian.

Perhaps the most effective answer to this sort of thing is to be found in current instances. One might imagine from these critics that at present every government in the world was a national government; but in spite of such instances as Sweden and France, national governments are the exception rather than the rule. There are very few nationalities in the world now which are embodied in a sovereign government. There is no sovereign state of England, for example. (The English, the Scotch, the Welsh, all strongly marked and contrasted nationalities, live in an atmosphere of mutual criticism and cordial coöperation. Consider again the numerous nations in the British Empire, which act in unison through the Imperial Government, imperfect and unrepresentative as it is; consider the dissolving nationalities in the American melting-pot; consider the Prussians and Saxons in the German Empire. What is there in common between an Australian native, a London freethinker, a Bengali villager, a Uganda gentleman, a Rand negro, an Egyptian merchant, and a Singapore Chinaman, that they should all be capable of living as they do under one rule and one peace and with a common collective policy — and yet be incapable of a slightly larger coöperation with a Frenchman, a New Englander, or a Russian? The Welshman is perhaps the best instance of all, to show how completely participation in a great political synthesis is compatible with intense national peculiarity and self-respect.)

But if one looks closely into the objections of these anti-foreign

alarmists, it will usually become clear that the real prejudice is not a genuine patriotism at all; the objection is, not to interference with the realities of national life, but to interference with national aggression and competition, which is quite a different thing. The 'British' ultra-patriot, who begins by warning us against the impossibility of having 'foreigners' interfering in our national life, is presently warning us against the interference of 'foreigners' with 'our' empire and 'our' predominant over-seas trade, which are altogether different matters.

It is curious to see in how many instances certain conventional ideas, never properly analyzed, dominate the minds of the critics of the league-of-nations project. Many publicists, it becomes evident, think of international relations in terms of 'Powers,' mysterious entities of a value entirely romantic and diplomatic. International politics are for them only thinkable as a competition of those powers; they see the lives of states as primarily systems of conflict. A 'power' to them means the sort of thing which was brought to perfection in Europe in the eighteenth century, in the courts of Versailles, Potsdam, St. Petersburg, and St. James's, and it means nothing else in the world to them. It is, in fact, a conspiracy against other and competing powers, centring round an aggressive Foreign Office, and availing itself of nationalist prejudice rather than of national self-respect. Patriotism is, indeed, not something that the power represents; it is something upon which the power trades. 'Germany,' 'Austria,' 'Britain,' and 'France,' to those under the power obsession, are not the names of peoples or regions but of powers personified. When they say 'Austria' will not like this, 'France' will insist upon that, they think not of a people, but of a Foreign Office with a tradition and a 'policy.' To this power idea the political life of the last two centuries has schooled many otherwise highly intelligent men, and by it their minds are now invincibly circumscribed and fixed. They can disregard the fact that the great majority of men in the world live out of relation to any

such government with astonishing ease. The United States, Canada, China, India, Australia, South America, for example, show us masses of mankind whose affairs are not incorporated in any 'power' as the word is understood in diplomatic jargon; and quite recently the people of Russia have violently broken away from such an idea of the state, and show small disposition to revert to it. These objecters are in fact thinking still in terms of the seventeenth and eighteenth century in Europe — a very special phase in history. The European power idea had a traceable and definable source, — one finds its elementary conceptions clearly stated in Machiavelli's *Prince* and in his *Art of War*, — and we may hope it draws near to the end of its influence. But the fixity of their minds upon this old and almost entirely European idea of international politics as an affair of competitive foreign offices has its value for those who are convinced of the need of a new order of human relationships, because it opens up so clearly the incompatibility with the pressing needs of the present time of the European conceptions of a foreign office and of diplomacy as a secretive chaffering for advantages.

We may illustrate this obsession by quoting a recent article by Lord Sydenham (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1918) in which he combats the league-of-nations proposal by an exaggeration of the difficulties of disarmament and preposterous suggestions of secret preparation. His way of thinking of 'powers' as the irreducible nuclei of aggression is very typical. There can be no disarmed world because some power is suddenly to flash forth like Minerva, fully armed, from 'a dreaming peace.' And the Council of the League, for no conceivable reason, is to be caught napping.

An army composed of contingents from the whole of the States composing the League would never reach the scene of action, and would be an unmanageable menagerie if it did. It follows that a few great powers must always maintain large naval, military and air forces prepared for action.

A similar line of thought is followed by an anonymous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (August, 1918) who — suffering under this fixed idea of the invincible reality of these 'powers' and their inflexible mentality for conflict — either cannot imagine, or pretends an entire inability to imagine, that a power can be restrained from the most complete preparations for war under the very nose of a world council.

Even if revolution followed defeat, and a wave of Bolshevism broke suddenly over Germany; even if a provisional government were minded to come into a League of Nations, its accession would be but momentary. The old German spirit would revive: a Scharnhorst would be found to reconstitute the ancient army; and Germany, seeing a whole world-league for peace, would have a better chance than she had, even in 1914, of dominating the world.

And again: —

Modern warfare depends, as we discovered in 1914, on readiness to strike. The nation which had made up its mind to break away from the hampering restraints of the League, would take care to be efficiently prepared. Unless the armies of the League guarded every frontier every day, unless these armies were large enough to keep in subjection any possible alliance, they would be useless for purposes of defence. And if they were kept at the highest standard of practical utility, then all the manhood of Europe would be in the ranks, and the whole world would be and would remain one vast armed camp. Viscount Grey sees plainly that anything less than military intervention is of no value. He does not realize what it would mean if the armies of the League were to stand ready always to intervene. If all the frontiers of Europe were not permanently guarded by indefinite series of pill-boxes, one State possibly, two assuredly, could tear the rules of the League to pieces, like scraps of paper, and grab from a sleeping world a defiant hegemony.

But as soon as one asks, *why* a sleeping world? this tirade dissolves into rubbish. Given a League of Nations with some sort of council, and we have the organ and authority to watch and protest against even the first rudiments of state rearmament. It was the absence of any such council or authority before 1914 which enabled Germany to prepare war openly in the sight of her

destined victims — to build obviously strategic railways to the very boundary of Belgium, for example. There was nothing in the world which had the authority to challenge her. But the primary purpose of any efficient league of nations will be to nip militarist preparation in the bud. Instead of killing dragons, its simpler task will be to boil their eggs. There may be many struggles and crises under a world-league of nations, but the assumption that they will be on anything like the scale of the Great War is beyond the limits of possibility.

Upon this point we cannot be too clear; it is not nationality that is threatened by the League of Nations, it is this 'power' obsession, this product of the competitive European courts of the eighteenth century, which used national feeling in an entirely Machiavellian spirit. And this power idea carries with it much more mischief than the threat of sudden war and the attendant necessities of armament. It is about the nuclei of the European power systems that the current conceptions of economic warfare and territorial exploitation have grown. It is to them that we owe the conception of peace as a phase of military preparation during which there is a systematic attempt to put rivals at an economic disadvantage. And it will be clear that an abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of powers involves, not merely the abandonment of ideas essentially militarist, but also the abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of economic systems.

As we penetrate these common prepossessions of an age which is now drawing to a close, the positive as compared with the negative side of the project of a league of nations opens out. Behind the primarily negative project of 'no war upon earth,' appears as a necessary corollary a new economic phase in history, in which there will be a collective regard for the common weal of mankind. The examination and elaboration of the possibilities of economic world-control, already immensely foreshadowed by the gigantic 'poolings' that have been forced upon the

powers allied against Germany, is one of the most rapidly expanding chapters in the study of the project.

← This power prepossession is held by many writers to be the primary and central antagonist of the project. 'The Great Power idea,' they say, 'that is the enemy.' They point out — and the instances we have quoted enforce the contention — that most of our statesmen, a large part of our historical and political literature, and the general mind, are so saturated with power ideas, as to be totally unable to imagine the League of Nations as anything but a league of powers, still with a strong undertow of Machiavellian interpretation. And this school of opinion urges a strenuous attack upon this power idea which still rules the intellectual world of Europe, as the main task of a league-of-nations propaganda.

VII

Another considerable body of criticism hostile to the project of a league of nations is grouped about certain moral facts. Before concluding these introductory remarks, it is advisable to discuss this, not merely in order to answer so much of it as amounts to an argument against the world-league project, but also because it opens out before us the real scope of the league-of-nations project. There seems to be a disposition in certain quarters to underestimate the scale upon which such a project can be planned. It is dealt with as if it were a little legal scheme detached from the main body of human life. It seems to be assumed that some little group of 'jurists,' sitting together in a permanent conference at The Hague or in New York, will be able to divert the whole process of humanity into new channels, to overcome the massive, multitudinous, and tremendous forces that make for armed conflict and warfare among men, and to inaugurate a new era of peace throughout the world.

The change we contemplate here is not to be so easily achieved. It is a project of world-politics, and there is no modest way of

treating such a project. It would be better left alone than treated timidly. It is a change in which nations and political and educational systems are the counters, and about which we must think, if we are to think effectively, in terms of the wealth of nations and millions of men. It is a proposal to change the life and mentality of everyone on earth.

Now, the thought of those who direct their attention to the moral probabilities of a world-peace turns largely upon the idea of 'loyalty.' They apprehend man as a creature of intense, essential egotism, who has to be taught and trained very painfully and laboriously to unselfishness, and the substitution of great and noble ends for base and narrow ones. They argue that he was in his origins a not very social creature who has been forced by his own inventions into a larger circle of intercourse. He had learned his first unselfishness from his mother in the family group; he had been tamed into devotion by the tribe and his tribal religion; the greater dangers of a solitary life had enforced these subjugations upon him. But he still relapses very readily into base self-seeking. His loyalty to his nation may easily become a mere extension of his personal vanity; his religious faith a cloak for hatred of, and base behavior toward, unbelievers. In times of peace and security, the great forms in which he lives do so tend to degenerate. And the great justification of war from this point of view is that it creates a phase of national life in which a certain community of sacrifice to a common end, a certain common faithfulness and helpfulness, are exacted as a matter of course from every citizen. Many are called upon to die, and all are called upon to give help and suffer privations. War gives reality to loyalty. (It is the fire that makes fine the clay of solidarity.) The war-phase has been hitherto a binding and confirming phase in the life of communities, while peace has been a releasing and relaxing phase. And if we are to contemplate a state of the world in which there is to be no warfare, we must be prepared also, these critics argue, for a process of moral disintegration.

A well-known passage in *The Crown of Wild Olive* may be quoted in this connection. It occurs in a lecture which Ruskin delivered to Woolwich cadets, and runs as follows: —

When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the Arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. . . . The common notion that peace and the virtues of civilised life flourished together I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civilised life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilisation; but I found that those were not the words which the muse of history coupled together; that on her lips the words were — peace, and sensuality — peace, and selfishness — peace, and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted in peace; taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace.

The late Professor William James found enough validity in this line of thought to discuss it very seriously. In his essay on 'The Moral Equivalent of War'¹ he deals very illuminatingly with this question. He agrees that to relieve the consciousness of ordinary men from the probability of war, without substituting any other incentive to devotion, may be a very grave social loss. His own suggestion for giving every citizen a sense of obligation and ownership in the commonwealth, for weaving the ideas of loyalty and service, that is, into every life, is to substitute the collective war of mankind against ignorance, confusion, and natural hardships, for the war between man and man; to teach this, not only theoretically, but by the very practical expedient of insisting upon a period of compulsory state service for every citizen, male or female. He proposes to solve at the same time this moral problem and an equally grave social problem, by making the unskilled or semi-skilled part of the labor in the (nationalized) mines, in the (nationalized) fisheries, in hospitals, many

¹ *Memories and Studies* (Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1911), Chapter xi. 'The Moral Equivalent of War' was written for and first published by the Association for International Conciliation.

types of factory, and so forth, a public service. Personal freedom, he insists, has invariably been bought, and must always be bought, by responsible participation in the toils and cares of that system of law and service which constitutes the framework "of human liberty.

It would be idle to deny the substantial truth in this type of criticism of peace. But it applies only to that crude conception of peace which makes it a negative thing, a mere cessation of war, a state in which you can go where you will and not be shot at. We must realize clearly that such negative peace is not our permanent aim. It is something, of course, to have a rest from suffering and the infliction of suffering; but it is a greater thing to be set free, and peace sets people free. It sets them free to live, to think, to work at the work that is best worth doing, to build instead of destroying, to devote themselves to the pursuit or the creation of the things that seem highest, instead of having to spend all their time in trying to avoid being killed. Peace is an empty cup which we can fill as we please; it is an opportunity which we can seize or neglect. To recognize this is to sweep out of one's mind all dreams of a world-peace contrived by a few jurists and influential people in some odd corner of the world's administrative bureaus. As well might the Three Tailors of Tooley Street declare the millennium in being. Permanent world-peace must necessarily be a great process and state of affairs, greater, indeed, than any war-process, because it must anticipate, comprehend, and prevent any war-process, and demand the understanding, the willing and conscious participation, of the great majority of human beings. We, who look to it as a possible thing, are bound not to blind ourselves to, or conceal from others, the gigantic and laborious system of labors, the immense tangle of coöperations, which its establishment involves. If political institutions or social methods stand in the way of this great good for mankind, it is fatuous to dream of compromises with them. A world-peace organization cannot evade universal relationships.

It is clear that if a world-league is to be living and enduring, the idea of it, and the need and righteousness of its service, must be taught by every educational system in the world. It must either be served by, or be in conflict with, every religious organization; it must come into the life of everyone, not to release men and women from loyalty, but to demand it for itself.

The answer to this criticism that the world-peace will release men from service is, therefore, that the world-peace is itself a service. It calls, not as war does for the deaths, but for that greater gift, the lives, of men. The League of Nations cannot be a little thing: it is either to be a great thing in the world, an overriding idea of a greater state, or nothing. Every state aims ultimately at the production of a sort of man, and it is an idle and a wasteful diplomacy, a pandering to timidities and shams, to pretend that the World-League of Nations is not ultimately a state aiming at that ennobled individual whose city is the world.



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